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The Abbotsford Post

Provincial Library

VOL. IV., No. 8. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 29, 1911 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

THIS
FIRM
EXTENDS
To Our Many Friends
A Prosperous New Year
S. Brooke
ABBOTSFORD and HUNTINGDON, B. C.

STOCK-TAKING
Men's Hats, Stetson - $3.99
Turkeys and Geese
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Everything in the Store
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THE MARKET.

Last Friday morning the New Westminster market was thronged with people looking for bargains for their Christmas feast. Not for many a day has the market been crowded with offerings and with buyers and spectators. As befitting the holiday season, many of the stalls were decorated with flowers and foliage. Aside from the large crowd and the numerous offerings the feature of the market was the large amount of plucked turkey, chicken, geese and ducks on the various stalls. In nearly every section of the market plucked fowl of some kind was on sale. Turkey ranged in price from 32 to 40 cents per pound, chicken 25 also the same for geese, while ducks sold at 30 cents per pound. Retail meat was as plentiful aa ever, and sold at the usual prices. Wholesale meat was pretty scarce, there being no beef at all on the market and very little mutton, though pork and veal was very plentiful. No change in the prices was noted. Fish of the usual varieties were on sale at unchanged prices, and the demand was fair. Eggs dropped in price from 65 cents to 60 and 55 cents per dozen and the demand was not very brisk at that. Apples sold readily by the box at prices ranging from $1.75 to $2.00 and the same fruit sold at 25 cents per basket at the stalls. Vegetables at retail did not show their usual variety, but the quality was very good and the quantity was large. Parsley again made its appearance and sold readily. Vegetables by the sack was very numerous. There were no changes in the prices and the sales were not very brisk.

Flowers made their appearance in great profusion and in more than the usual variety.

The poultry market was decidedly small considering that Christmas is so close at hand, the reason probably was that the people were looking for dressed poultry rather than the live article. The offering was far below the usual volume and the prices were very variable. Taking the average there was not any particular variation over last week's prices.

A considerable quantity of geese were offered for sale, and live weight sold for the most part for 22 cents per pound. A few small geese were sold by Chinamen at $2 each. No live turkeys were on the market and but a few ducks were offered. What ducks were sold retailed at from $1.25 to $1.50 each.

A SPECIAL MEETING ON JAN 3

A special meeting of the Board of Trade will be held in the Board rooms onn Wednesday, January 3rd for the transaction of important business which haa accumulated on the secretary's desk, and in the interests of the town should be attended to at aa early a date as possible. A mong the many argent matters is a resolution in connection with the Sumas Dyking scheme, a matter which is of vital importance to Abbotsford.

A good attendance is requested.

RUNNING FOR REEVE OF SUMAS MUNICIPALITY

Mr. J. L. Atkinson was in town on Thursday. He said he was in the running for the reeveship this year, and hoped to win against his opponent, which he stated was so far as he knew the present reeve. A very lively contest is expected.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

NEWS FROM CLAYBURN

A fewnights ago the inhabitants of Clayburn were rudely aroused by some one calling tow help. The barber shop had caught on fire through a faulty stove and before anyone had noticed it the whole building was in flames. Mr. Elmer Hartnel the owner was sleeping upstairs and found it necessary to pick up his clothes and make a hasty retreat over the burning floors. The villagers were soon upon the scene and under the direction of Mr. J. B. Miller, the manager of the brick plant, were instrumental in saving the adjoining building. It was only by having the men arranged into a passbucket brigade that more damage was not done. It was encouraging to note how willing the men were to work when a leader came along.

The building was fully covered by insurance through the Cooper, Seldon Company and Mr. Hartnel expects to erect a new building in the near future.

Wednesday, Jan 3rd Remember

CHRISTMAS TREE AT CLAYBURN

One of the most important social functions that takes place here is the annual Christmas tree to which everybody contributes most liberally, even the Italians who have no children here are most open handed with their support and do take a real interest in it

Last Thursday night was not the most ideal night to gather many people together but the school house was crowded to standing room only.

The young ladies and men had decorated the inside of the building with paper roses and evergreens and a splendid Christmas tree had been brought down by the Purver boys. The room looked inviting with all the lights burning on the tree and with the presents there displayed for all children and some of the grown-ups.

Special mention of the splendid programme the children rendered is only just to the work the popular teachers gave in the training of the children. Misses Stairs and Elliott are the teachers.

Everybody expressed their thorough enjoyment of the evening's "fun" an dare looking forward to next year already.

Wednesday, Jan 3rd Remamber

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairs at Campbell's the Watchmaker, Clark's Jewelry Store.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

MATSQUI ITEMS

There is to be a public meeting in the Marsqui public hall on Friday night at 8 o'clock to dicuss municipal matters. Councillors Aish, Cruickshank and the Reeve have been requested to attend. Everything bids fair to be a hot old time. All voters are expected to be there and express their opinion and give the municipal officers officers particular fits, and try to make believe they deserve it whether or not. The public are expected to think up all the sins of omission as well as commission and try to corner the speakers.

Mr. J. Hargitt is trying to make believe he intends to be a candidate for Reeve. Councillor Aish intends to be a candidate for Councillor for ward four and C. Bell is already canvassing for himself for candidatte for the same ward.

The C. N. R. is rushing their work of construction in this vicinity at present and by the way they are working they will soon have their line ready for traffic. They don't even stop working on Sundays.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

NEW POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

An enthusiastic meeting of Hammond and Haney poultrymen was held the other day in the Municipal hall with the result that the Maple Ridge poultry association was formed and arrangements were made for the shipping of grain to be distributed among the poultryman. A wholesale rate should help out and show to the patrons what it is to belong to the association. Cars will be ordered as they are wanted It is the intention to hold a poultry show annually under the patronage of the government The association will be affiliated with the Provincial association.

The following were appointed to be provisional officers;

President—A. S. Rankin
Vice—H. Roddis.
Sec-Treas.—L. S. Carr.

Executive Committee—Messrs Bance, Gillis, Goffin, Henderson, Lundgren, Purdy, Stevenson, Solome and Williamson. Meetings will be held at Haney and Hammond on the first Saturday o leach month and the annual membership fee was placed at one dollar.

During the evening Mr. Miller-Higgs of the Provincial Department of Agriculture gave an address on "Co-operation and Association Work." It is largely owing to the energies of Mr. Miller-Higgs and Mr. Terry, secretary of the Provincial Association that this is the second association to be formed within ten days on the bank of the Fraser.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

Mr. Hector Mackenzie has purchased Mr. J. W. McCallum's house and will move his family to Abbotsford while Mr. McCallum's family will reside in Vancouver.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

Mr. and Mrs. Colvin mourn the 22 months, who died last Saturday after a brief illness.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

Published every Friday by the Post Publishing Company

A weekly journal devoted to the interests of Abbotsford and surrounding district

Advertising Rates made known on application

LEGAL ADVERTISING—12 cents per line for first insertion, and 8 cents a line for all subsequent consecutive insertions.

Our Sabbath—Neither for nor agin the Government.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911

We extendto all readers of the POST a Bright and Prosperous noneteen twelve.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY

The secret so long sought for by poultry keepers has been solved, or at lenst it is enid to have been solved.

We need not tell you what the problem is, because anybody who has ever hadanything to do with hens, either in professional or an amateur way, knows what it is. The biddy-biddies do their work all right in the spring and summer but as soon as the leaves begin to fall they begin to fall also—fall off the supply of eggs, until the product reaches the zero point. Every poultry keeper has puzzled his or her head upon how to remedy this disaster, for disaster it is to find your hens go on strike just at the season when their eggs are most needed.

Like somany other great discoveries the credit belongs to a French man, M. Joubert, professor of agriculture at Fontainebleau. He found like every other poultry-keeper, thatthe number of eggs laid by hens fell off each fall, and he set himself to experiment.

Last October he selected a dozen young hens, and divided them into two indiscriminate lots of six each. Both were fed on exactly the same diet, but to the food of one-half dozen there was added a daily ration of a gloss of wine per head. The results were supris ing. From the hens which got no wine M. Jaubert had in October four eggs, in November one and in December none, and in January twenty-two.

The fowls which drank their glass of wine daily responded nobly to the stimulant. In October they produced twenty-eight eggs, in November fifty-seven, in December forty-four, and in January forty-six, so that tha topers showed an excess of production over the teetotallers of 148 eggs.

M. Joubert, unfortunately, does not say in hisreport which has just been published, what sort of wine he employed in his interesting experiment. If he used the best of champagne, the cost would exceed the profit; but if the stimulant was vin ordinaire, which can be bought in France wholesale for about three cents a quart, a new and important field of consumption for that article will be opened up, greatly to the relief of the winegrowers, who have complained bitterly in recent years of the decline in the sale of theirproduce. The administration of wine is said to have not only have increased the output of eggs, but also to have greatly improved their quality, a fact which will prove somewhat disconcertin gto the temperance advocates.

It is a very interesting story but we would like to have the opinion of some expart, like Profase or Gilbert of the Central Experimental Farm, as to how it would work out in thiscountry. Is wine cheap enoughto enable us to feed to hens? Would thel adies of the W. C. T. U. object to eggs laid by hens who have become slaves to the drink demon? And what happens in the spring? Are the hens suddenly cut off from their supply of alcohol or are they sent to some poltry institute for treatment so they can "taper off?" The subject is one full of possibilities and we would be glad to hear of its final results.—Examiner.

All roads lead to Abbotsford, fortunately pus

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

gin, and wagged a monitory forefinger. "The trouble between us will be squared when the time comes. But you keep this woman out of it, you yapping hound!"

He forced his way through the crowd, got a pitcher of cool water in the tavern washroom, and went to his room. He had got a look at his face in a mirror in the office. He suddenly realized that he was not a pleasant object for the eye to rest upon.

VI.

By what he saw from his window and what he heard after night fell George decided that the "funeral parade" was far from closing the obsequies of Cornelius Corran. That part of the programme had merely started the event off in good shape.

In the evening, there were fireworks. The bands played with a drunken persistency and a lack of harmony that nearly drove the young man frantic. Revel roared in the single street. Hoarse mirth was broken in upon by the howls of fighters. It was plain that a wild night was to be devoted to the memory of the lord of Tohan.

George drew down the ragged shads of his one window. He tried to occupy his mind with a cheap novel that he had picked up in the office on his way back to his room from supper.

A discreet tap on his door startled him. He opened to the visitor, thinking Romeo Bragg had come to consult about a start in the morning.

Jepson Wiggin stepped in and closed the door behind him.

"I watched my chance to come up," he said. "I'm sure no one saw me. It's a busy gang of ruffians out there, Mr. George."

The young man accounted for this air of mystery by the ready supposition that the father of Blinn Wiggin would not like to be seen in company with his son's sworn foe.

The gaunt old man eased himself upon a chair, scrutinizing his host keenly.

"I'm sorry you got mixed up with my son in that way. But you came to town at a bad time. Too much liquor all around! Blinn wouldn't have done it if he'd been sober. But I know you won't blame me! It's a matter entirely outside of business, eh, Mr. George? A young fool's performance mustn't get in the way of more serious things. Eh?"

His shrewd eyes were boring the young man. He acted like one who was treading carefully up to the door of a subject, waiting to be assured that he might enter.

"I'll not let your son interfere with my business, you can be certain of that. You advise him to keep away from me."

"I'm done with him," protested the old man. "It's just as though he wasn't my son at all! I haven't been able to do anything with him. He had his chance, and he's fooled it away! You've got eyes, and you've got ears! I say one, after this, tells you that I'm playing to arrange the thing through any hitch-up between Blinn and the girl, you're in a position to know better, eh? I've got that much reason for being glad that the thing did happen, bad as it was But they can't fool you, after this — you saw enough to know that's all off. He had his chance. He fooled it away, I say!"

George stared at him, understanding only a part.

"So you see we can do business. I haven't got any interests anywhere else."

He sat and looked at the young man for several minutes, he seemed to be waiting for him to speak.

"You're not suspicious of me, after what you saw, are you?" inquired Wiggin. "You can see my interests don't lie that way, now!"

It was on George's tongue to declare that he had not the least idea what all this meant, but he suddenly decided to meet craft with craft. He had discovered that ingenuousness did not work well in this north country. Every man's hand seemed raised against him. He resolved that he would take a hand in the game of life himself, for self-protection, if for nothing else.

"I'm a man was coming," said Wiggin "Of course, I knew it couldn't be same one that made the other trade. He's marked in this section But I've looked for some line from the big folks — a little something from you, in the way of credentials."

"My folks do not put things on paper — when those things can be arranged by word of mouth," declared George, hating himself for this deception, but firmly resolved to uncover any more plots against himself if he were able.

"An excellent plan," affirmed Wiggin, "even if it does put other parties in the way of guessing a bit." He fondled his long nose, and studied the face of the Great Trust Co's man "You received some instructions, I suppose?"

"I did."

"I don't like to beat about the bush," said the old man. "I know your folks understand how I stood with Corran. And, of course, you know I have been his right-hand man ever since he startsd in business — he couldn't read or write, as you've heard."

George did not betray by a flicker of the eyelids, even, that the information was new.

"I'm going to tell you very frankly that I've hoped that my son would get the girl," continued Wiggin. "There's no chance of that I've helped Corran steal half the lands he owned I'll say this — if he hadn't stolen them, some one else would have done it. That's the style up here He could have made a fair division with me and still left the girl enough But that will — I drew it myself for him — left me just where I've always been — his agent I'm sole trustee, too Now, just what kind of a proposition have your folks sent to me? The other man said the propoeition would come along just as soon as Corran dropped out."

"Our folks would like to know just what you can do," stated the young man. He felt no sense of guilt, now in leading this plotter on. Clare Corran's interests were threatened He hardly knew the girl. But never had the desolate condition of any one appealed to his chivalry. She was alone in the midst of them.

Outside his window, the uproar of the drunken mob celebrated the memory of her father. But that kind of disorganized loyalty, ignorant support, could not prevent the subtle plans of schemers. Common sense suggested that it was none of his business. But there was something pitifully pathetic in it all.

He shut his eyes, hiding his own from the boring regard of Wiggin. Her brave face came before his inner vision — he saw her again riding past — and he believed he knew her well enough to understand in what agony of spirit she had obeyed. Sudden determination took possession of him. It was quixotic resolution. He loved Mary Laroche. That was a sentiment that made him tender toward the helpless in the world.

He opened his eyes. Wiggin was surveying him anxiously, almost suspiciously.

"I don't propose to turn myself wrongside out before a stranger — I've gone far enough as it is," insisted the Corran trustee "Say something, yourself."

"Are you in a position to turn over anything worth while to the Great Trust Co.?"

"If you think I've had the handling of all the papers of old Corran without getting ready for just such an emergency as this, you've got another guess coming."

"Here's my credentials," said George, producing papers. "I'm an accredited agent of the company. But, of course, you understand that I can't settle matters with you. I can only hear and report. The fellows higher up arranges the price — It's their money."

"That's all right. I expected that. I'll say this, now: I've left deede open so that when the time comes, claimants who haven't signed off their rights in certain tracts can be produced. Those claimants will never come forward to contest the Corran claims until the proper work is put into the matter. They don't know anything about their claims. You see, don't you? You've got to have me in the thing to make it go. I know the

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TORONTO, Ontario

claimants — I know how to produce claimants."

"Ready-made ones, eh?"

"That's a part of the system, up here, but it has to be worked just right when the matter of Corran's properties are up. You've got to know your men. Corran's friends are pretty thick. You'll fall down unless you deal with me. I've been in it long enough to know how to operate and cover all tracks. And if tracks ain't covered, you'll have a tough gang on your backs. Corran's scheme has left an army of fools to back up his estate——" he flapped his hand at the window, outside of which the bands were playing. "But even fools can put the torch to timber lands that your company grabs. It's all got to be done right! I can do it right, and hide behind the law, for I've been getting ready."

"What's your price?"

"Half. Not lands. I can't use lands. But half the valuation in cash. The Great Trust will be getting practically the other fifty per cent. My scheme grabs the land for 'em — they don't have to buy."

George felt sick at heart. This buzzard was so promptly ready to tear at the dead man's possessions.

"Of course, this is no time to get down to details," went on Wiggin. "I'm just up here to tell you that I've got the thing in my hands." He stretched out his bony fingers, looked like talons. "Get your report in, and wake the big fellows up — for there are others, if the Great Trust Co. don't grab it."

"I'll attend to the matter in the right way," replied George grimly.

Wiggin made cautious examination of the corridor through the crack of the door before he ventured out. He left with promise to "show goods" to the Great Trust Co. as soon as the young man got the ear of his superiors and was ready to talk business.

George kept vigil for the most of that night. The tumult outside did not trouble him as much as the plot that Wiggin had exposed. It was plain why the old man had been so precipitate with a stranger — the Great Trust Co. had dealt with him before. Probably, the company was entirely ready to dealt with him again. It was the money of the Great Trust that George was carrying in his pocket at that time. His future prospects were in the keeping of the company. He was their employee.

On the other side was a girl that he barely knew. Perhaps, she would not listen to a stranger who came to her with words of warning against the old man who had been her father's intimate. Women did not usually understand business well enough to determine what dishonesty was.

He could not warn her without exposing the men who were powerful to help or harm him.

After he had breakfasted, finding a place at the table in company of the sleepy, sullen roisterers of the night before, he went and sat on the porch of the tavern, trying to straighten out a line of action for himself.

Romeo Bragg found him there.

"I ain't exactly what you might call sober, yet," acknowledged Mr. Bragg, "but I'm all over celebratin', and ready to start. And, judgin' from what you said to me yesterday, I figger you've got considerable appetite for the trail. So, what say?"

It was a call to duty put straight. But Harry George was still floundering in his difficulties.

"I reckon you'll outfit like the rest of 'em, at the company store," pursued Bragg. "I'll go across with you and help pick out."

That summons born in upon George the truth that he was meditating treachery to his employers. He had money that belonged to them — he was not ready to take more of their goods, not at that moment.

While he was hesitating, Clare Corran swept past on her black horse. She bowed to George proudly.

"Reckon Queen Clare is goin' out to the grave," suggested Bragg. "Wa'n't much chance for her to mourn there, yesterday!"

"Bragg, I'm not ready to start today" blurted the young man. "I've got some business to attend to."

His guide stared at him a little while, but George's expression did not invite comment. So Bragg strolled away.

VII.

During the forenoon, the roisterers went straggling out of town. Bill Kyle took away his crew, after he had made some biting comments on the hustling qualities of certain foresters that he knew. Pannell did not retort. He found no profit in converse with Bill Kyle.

"I'll tell Fatty Niles to stop ranching," he said, by way of parting word. "And I reckon you can do the Great Trust as much good by sittin' on that porch as you can any other way."

As the day wore on, George was less inclined to seek the girl and expose what he had learned. It seemed a rather cowardly piece of tale bearing. Probably Wiggin had it in his power to convince her that this stranger, representing a land-grabbing corporation, was lying to her for his own ends. The plan of going to Wiggin and threatening to expose him unless he either gave up his plot or his trusteeship would appear to be only a futile bit of blackmail. George had nothing except his own unsupported word.

When night came, he was still undecided. He cursed himself as a decidedly worthless tool. He seemed to be of no use to himself or to others. With every hour that passed, Niles

(Continued next Issue)

Cooper, Seldon Co.,

CLAYBURN, B. C.

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THE ABBOTSFORD POST

ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

PROF. GEORGE CROSS, M.A., Ph.D

A popular Canadian Divine

A Canadian who has recently won added fame as a theologian is Prof. George Cross, M.A., Ph.D., who has the chair of Systematic Theology at Newton Theological Seminary, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and was until recently professor of Church History in McMaster University, Toronto.

Prof. Cross is an honor graduate of Toronto University in philosophy. He took his theology at McMaster University, preached for several years in Ontario churches, took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Chicago University, and was later called to the chair at McMaster. There he was exceedingly popular as a professor, for he has a warm heart and a sympathetic insight into the religious problems which perplex so many young men today who are in preparation for the gospel ministry. By the rigidly orthodox he was regarded as somewhat heterodox, and, being of a peaceable disposition, when the opportunity came for him to escape from the broadsides which the heresy-hunters were hurling against the Baptist University, he took it and went to Newton Centre in 1906. Since that time he has been most eagerly sought after by several of the leading Baptist theological seminaries of the United States. His heart is still in Canada, and every summer is spent at his college home, Brighton, Ont.

WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

HON. WILLIAM TURGEON

The Young Man of the Saskatchewan Cabinet is Attorney General Turgeon, who looks about twenty three years old, but is really, according to the Registration department in the thirty neighborhood.

Mr Turgeon comes from a parliamentary family as his father is

HON. WM. TURGEON,
Attorney-General, Saskatchewan

the New Brunswick member of the Dominion house. O Turgeon. He was admitted to the bar in Quebec after graduation at Laval, but immediately afterwards moved to Prince Albert where he became a partner of Hon. J H Lamont. Mr Lamont was the province's first attorney-general and upon moving up to a judgeship in 1907 the attorney-general job was kept in the family and Turgeon took over the work. Turgeon is the orator of the cabinet and has the Frenchman's proverbial ability as a platform speaker.

The Hon. gentleman, whose full title baptismal and otherwise reads William Ferdinand Alphonse Turgeon, B.A., K.C., and M.L.A., was born at Batburst, N.B, and took his educational courses at Laval University and Quebec.

GEORGE G. FOSTER, K.C.
Of Blarney Castle, Quebec Province

Mr George Green Foster, K.C., of Montreal, is one of the prominent legal men of Canada's Commercial capital, and as an advocate made a name for himself as far back as 1896. Mr Foster is a McGill graduate, a native of Knowlton, Que., and carries his love for the scenes of his boyhood days to the extent of a country residence in that locality, a home, which for reasons known to its owner no doubt, carries the title of Blarney Castle.

Mr. Foster's specialty is company law and from time to time his opinion has been sought in connection with some of the largest undertakings launched from Montreal. He has taken an active interest in financial and industrial affairs, holding among other positions, that of President of the St. Lawrence Power Company, director of the Eastern Townships Bank and of the Dominion Guarantee Company, vice-president of the George Hall Coal Company, director of the Aluminum Company of America, the Northern Aluminum Company of Canada, the Montreal Street Railway, the Canadian Light and Power Company, the Imperial Realty Company of Ottawa, and the Johnston, Richardson Company, Limited, and vice-president of the Orford Mountain Railway Company.

With a live interest in politics Mr. Foster has proven himself a strong supporter of the Conservative party, as a ready platform orator and energetic organizer, having carried out some particularly good work in connection with the Eastern Townships Conservative Association. As result of strong representations from the party he went out against the Hon. Sydney Fisher in Brome County in 1896, and while defeated, had the satisfaction that comes from an effort well done.

Mr. Foster married in 1898 Mary Maud, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Buchanan of Montreal, and the family consists of one son and one daughter.

His Mistake

Maria, the new cook, was one of those very stout "cuilled ladies," one of the sort who are most particular about the social relations between the family and themselves. Mrs Bennett had been visiting friends in Boston for a week and her husband didn't get along at all well with Maria. He could stand it no longer, and one morning he called her into the dining-room. "Confound it, you, I want my meals cooked better hereafter or out of the door you go. I don't propose to pay you $30 a month to burn my meals for me." "Look a-here," retorted Maria. "Don't you talk that a-way to me. You jas' 'manner who I is. I don't like your tone o' voice and I aint no trash for yo' to holler at. Yo' mustn't take me fo' your wife."

LEAVE YOUR ORDER EARLY
FOR XMAS CAKE
We can sell it cheaper than you can make it. Icing and decorating done
We also sell Almond Paste all ready to go on cake 50 cents a pound
Abbotsford, Bakery ALBERT LEE, PROP.

ALSO WORRIED THE EARLY BOY

Arithmetic Problems that Sadden Schoolboy of Today also Gave Pain to the Kiddies of Two Thousand Years B. C.

There is a ray of vindictive comfort for the modern schoolboy in the fact that for over 3,600 years his schoolboy progenitors have been worried by just such problems in arithmetic as annoy him most.

Among the archaeological discoveries made in Egypt is a papyrus roll, in excellent condition, dating from about 1700 B C. This roll, which had a long heading beginning, "Directions how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," proves beyond doubt that the Egyptians of that time had a thorough knowledge of the elements of arithmetic.

Numerous examples show that their principal operations with units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and division were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Here is one that brings the problem schoolboy home to

Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person shall receive one-eighth less than the one before him.

Another example given is: There are seven men; each has seven cats; each cat has eaten seven mice; each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley; each grain of barley would have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost?

The papyrus also contains the calculation of the area of a circle and attempts to square the circle.

NOT MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

Writer Points Out that England is Not the Mother of Parliaments, the Honor Really Belonging to Spain.

How errors grow, says a writer in T. P. O'Connors Weekly, and how false epithets attached to persons or nations, by constant repetition come to be accepted as descriptively true! England is called, not only in our own Press, but in that of other countries, the "Mother of Parliaments." She, however, is not in that proud position legislatively. Spain had a Parliament nearly a century before England — meaning by Parliament "popular representation." Such an assembly was convened in Burgos in 1169, while that of England first assembled at Leicester in the middle of the thirteenth century.

Unlike ours, the Castilian Parliament did not receive hereditary nobles; it was left to England to do that, and to give them hereditary legislative powers which were denied them by the Castilians. If, then, writers desire to call any nation the "Mother of Parliaments," to be accurate they must attach that title of grace and honor to Spain.

Evidence from a Shark

It may be a perfectly unwarrantable reflection upon an upright and exceedingly useful body of men, but somehow the mention of the legal profession irresistibly draws the mind to sharks. And there was at least one historical occasion on which a shark did actually play an important part in a criminal trial.

In 1799 the brig Nancy was captured by a British warship as a suspected slaver; and her release by the prize court at Jamaica, whither she had been brought for trial, seemed inevitable, owing to the absence of incriminatory documents. Curiously enough, the officers of the Ahergavenny hooked a shark soon afterwards in the neighborhood, which was found to contain a bundle of papers relative to the Nancy.

These were preserved in ignorance of the capture of the brig, and eventually led to her condemnation. Those interesting documents are said to have been stored in the museum at Jamaica, and perished in the great earthquake there a few years ago; but the head of the shark is still on view at the Royal United Service London.

Wednesday, Jan 3rd Remember

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and son spent Christmas at Ferndale, Wash.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

Miss Dennison spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. McMenemy.

Mr. S. A. Morley, manager of the Royal Bank spent Christmas with friends in Vancouver.

Mr and Mrs. J. Heath spent Xmas with Mrs. Edson and Miss Heath at Howe Hall.

Wednesday, Jan 3rd Remember

Mr Samson, head of the provincial police department, was in town on Wednesday.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

Messrs Hutton and Mackenzie were at the coast on business and pleasure this week.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

Mr John McCallum was at Vancouver for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Eby were at the coast for Christmas.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

The English church Christmas tree on Wednesday evening was a grand success.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

Miss Moore is spending the Xmas at home in Victoria and will be with friends in Vancouver for the New Year.

Mr. S. Brooke spent Christmas with his family in Victoria.

Mr. E. S. Colvin and family wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped them in time of sorrow and need.

Leap Year Ball, Mon. Jan 1st.

Mrs. Gernaey is visiting in New Westminster.

Wednesday, Jan. 3rd Remember

First-Class Watch Repairing at Campbell's the Watchmaker, in Clark's Shoe Store.

All roads lead to Abbotsford, success and happiness.

HARRON BROS.
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It will pay us to run these advertisements. That is the best proof we have to offer that it will be profitable to you to use our Classified Want Ad. Columns.
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WHEAT $2.00
A sack
We buy Poultry
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This hotel makes a specialty of home-like comforts for Commercial Travellers. Comfortable sitting-room and best of hotel service. Cuisine Unexcelled.
Rates: $1.50 to $2 per day
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St. Anne's Poultry Farm

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We are ready to book any order, big or small.
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